

THE LITERARY TIMES:

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NUMBER IV.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1863.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1863.

MEN OF THE TIME OF
LOUIS XVI.*

THE author of the 'Secret History of the Court of France under Louis XV.,' has recently given to the public another work of the same genre, though its subject matter is much more expansive. Like its predecessor, it deals chiefly with French affairs; but it is not limited to them. It embraces contemporary events and biographies in England, America, and India, and glances at different corners of Continental Europe from St. Petersburg to Lisbon. The style of the book is light and desultory, and its contents are arranged according to the author's fancy, without any weak submission to natural congruity or logical connection; yet for all this it is animated and piquant, not destitute of humour, nor wanting in that peculiar quality which secures the reader's attention, and which, for the want of a more appropriate term, we call interest. We cannot call this book history, yet it is historical. The author does not mark the birth, growth, and maturity of events, nor trace the chain of causation link by link; he contents himself with pointing out here and there the events and influences that affected his heroes, or were affected by them. The work bears about the same relation to real history as the sketch of a landscape-painter would to a trigonometrical survey. Only the more prominent incidents are touched upon, and these chiefly as a kind of scumbled background for the human figures that are represented upon it. With such previous knowledge of the history of the period as we bring to the perusal of these volumes, they throw considerable light upon the real character of the times, and the men of the *ancien régime*. We shudder as we look back upon the thin crust of lava upon which they played their 'fantastic tricks before high Heaven,' mistaking the heavings of the volcano beneath their feet as symptoms of popular joy. They were not all at peace, however; a dumb presentiment seems to have been felt that the end of these things was at hand. Here is a scene witnessed by a gentleman who was on duty in the anteroom of Louis XV. at Versailles:—

'I was awakened by the noise of a door opening. I raised my head and saw Louis XV. At first he looked round the antechamber, here and there. The lights in the chandeliers were burning low. "There is nobody here," said the King; and then he began to walk up and down, sighing and murmuring, in the tone of a man who has drunk himself sad. Presently he paused before a large mirror, and, after having considered himself a long time in it, he pressed his hands on his forehead, his cheeks, his chin, and thus apostrophised himself: "Miserable wretch that thou art! Murderer of thine own soul and body!" Then his pacing up and down, his groans, his sad monologue recommenced. At last he stopped again before the glass. "Thou wilt not die old," said he to his own image reflected there; "not three-score years and ten!—And hell!—hell!" Five minutes passed whilst he stood looking at himself with horror. And then he muttered, "France! How is she governed?" Afterward: "But this supper to-night they say will be delicious—though all is weary—weary! Why cannot they give me something new?"

This may match in significance, if not in

dignity, the monologue of Henry IV. As we read it we silently concur in the sentiment:

'Happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.'

This is true at all times, but emphatically true when all the functions of the State were out of joint, and when the very person upon whom should have devolved the duty of setting them in order seemed struck with judicial blindness, and could not discern the broadest and most threatening signs of the times. It is miserable to read of Louis XVI. going out into the woods of Versailles to gather fagots for the poor, whilst the country was ground to the dust by the farmers-general of the revenue, as if his mere personal anise and cummin could reconcile a great nation to the loss of liberty, of wealth, and, in multitudes of cases, of the merest necessities of life. The discontent of the people found a suitable exponent in the philosophy of the *encyclopédistes*, of whom the old Marquis of Mirabeau was the chief; but it was not only uttered, but infinitely augmented by the writings of Voltaire and Rousseau. The revolt of the North American colonies had meanwhile inspired the rulers of France with some hopes of the reconquest of Canada, and seemed to offer a prospect of retaliating upon Great Britain for the repeated humiliations suffered from her arms under the leadership of Marlborough. The admirers of Voltaire and Rousseau, who constituted the mass of the French people, sympathised thoroughly with the Americans, and were eager to lend them assistance in their struggle against the mother country; but the Church was divided between its hatred of Protestantism, whether American or English, and its hatred of the still more alarming doctrines which the Sage of Ferney and the author of the *Contrat Social*, had promulgated against the claims of the hierarchy. Dr. Franklin was the living symbol of American aspirations at this time, and the treatment he received at the hands of the enraged privy council of George III. served to add to these aspirations a sentiment of bitterness and vengeance against the old country; whilst what he called his freedom from religious prejudices served to prepare him for complete fraternisation with Voltaire and Tom Paine. Dr. Franklin had been intrusted with a petition from the colonies, praying for the removal of Hutchinson and Oliver from the government of Massachusetts for having represented the harsh measures of the English cabinet as essential to the welfare of America. A day was appointed for hearing the petition, and Franklin was summoned. There were thirty-five councillors present, and Edmund Burke and Dr. Priestley were among the spectators:—

'Dr. Franklin stood calmly before the Privy-Council; although, as he afterward declared, he knew himself to be hated by Englishmen. He was dressed in a "suit of Manchester velvet." (This suit, as we shall presently see, became famous in history.) His hair was straight and unpowdered; his whole appearance that of quaker-like simplicity. But Dr. Franklin was not a quaker. He solemnly affirmed the truth of the facts as already alleged. His statement was calm and consistent. But the judges were his enemies, and the sentence was a foregone conclusion. He was submitted to a complex examination; in the course of which, his early life was brought up before him. He was accused of having printed Hutchinson's and Oliver's letters, and of having effaced their addresses. Franklin bore all this without any exhibition of anger. He defended himself by the calm statement of facts.'

'He was accused of falsehood and treachery. The petition was declared to be scandalous and vexatious. Dr. Franklin was dismissed from his office of Postmaster-General.'

'Franklin turned to quit the Privy-Council Chamber. Upon its threshold he met Dr. Priestley, and then and there declared to him: "I will never again put on the clothes I now wear, until I have had satisfaction for this day's work."'

Lord Chatham had a high opinion of Franklin's good sense and integrity, and received from him much of the materials for his famous speech on the necessity of conciliating the American colonies. Lord Sandwich, who replied to Lord Chatham, appears to have been aware of this; he declared that he could not believe it to be the work of an English peer, but rather the production of some American:—

"I," says Dr. Franklin, "was leaning on the bar of the house; Lord Sandwich turned himself towards me; 'I think,' said he after a pause, 'I think that I have before my eyes, at this moment, the person who has originated this production,—one of the most bitter and pernicious enemies that this country has ever had.'

"This sally," says Dr. Franklin, "fixed upon me the looks of a great number of lords. But as I did not choose to take it to myself, I did not change countenance, any more than if my features had been made of wood."

We can easily conceive that repeated insults like these must have tended greatly to sour the temper of a man who, with all his merits, thought so highly of himself as Benjamin Franklin, and have prepared him to grasp with eagerness the promise of assistance held out to his country by young France, even though old France still looked coldly upon his enterprise. The Viscount de Noailles, the Count de Ségur, and the Marquis de Lafayette were the first Frenchmen of rank who offered their swords to the Americans; but of these, only Lafayette found the means to reach the western continent, where his achievements became matter of history. The author gives us passing glimpses of the notabilities of Paris. Queen Marie Antoinette flits before us, resplendent in her beauty, and happily unconscious of the fearful destiny in store for her; the Princess de Lamballe, her friend, charms us with her fidelity and courtly grace, no less than by the calm devotion of her life, which is untroubled by any premonition of that ferocious howl which was one day to greet her in the streets of Paris before she was torn to pieces by a diabolical mob. We see Silas Deane, the American envoy, persistently craving aid for his country, and succeeding at last, in spite of the vigorous reclamations of Lord Stormont, the English ambassador. Now the stage is crossed by old Maurepas, who grins like a superannuated baboon at all things true and virtuous; and he is followed by Christopher Gluck the composer, and musical tutor of Marie Antoinette. Then there are Beaumarchais, the author of the 'Barber of Seville,' the fiery pamphleteer, the diplomatist who induced England to supply wood for the building of ships of war to be used against herself; and Madame du Barry, the disengaged though not disgraced mistress of Louis *le bien aimé*, who, even after the death of her protector, patronised Figaro, which was created for his amusement. The Emperor Joseph II.

* Nine years afterwards, Franklin re-appeared in this suit of clothes when he went to sign the treaty of Paris, which for ever cut off the United States of America from the Crown of England.

* Heroes, Philosophers, and Courtiers of the Time of Louis XVI. By the Author of 'The Secret History of the Court of France under Louis XV.' 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1863.

also shows himself, dressed like a puritan, affecting the philosopher; and since his mother Maria Theresa would not allow him to meddle with affairs of state, employing his time in drawing word pictures of his relatives, which, if not exaggerated, were remarkable for their uncompromising fidelity:

"He began by asking the Queen "if she punished her husband by imposing as many fasts upon him as her sister Caroline had done during that year on her husband, the King of Naples?"

"The Queen not knowing what he meant, the Emperor explained himself thus: "When the King of Naples has been wanting in duty to his Queen, she limits his diet to *soupe maigre* until he has humbly confessed and duly expiated his faults. . . . My sister Caroline," continued the Emperor, "is a right regal mistress in the art of training a man; but my other sister, the Duchess of Parma, is not less great in the art of taming horses. She is always in the stables with her grooms, and so contrives every year to jockey a pretty sum, by buying, selling, and training racers; whilst her nunny of a husband tolls the bells with the Brothers of Colorno, to call his good subjects to mass."

"My brother Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, nourishes his people with plans of economy. It is a dish that costs nothing."

"My dear brother, the Archduke of Milan, does not lack cleverness. . . . I am assured that when he escapes from the eyes of his Argus,—the holy Beatrix, his spouse,—he sells his corn to my enemies in time of war, and to my friends in time of peace, so that all his speculations are profitable to him."

"As for you, my dear Marie Antoinette," continued the Emperor, . . . "I see that you have made great progress in the art of painting. You have put more colour upon one of your cheeks than Rubens would have used for all the drawings of his cartoons."

From the company of the plain spoken Emperor, we are hurried on to witness the toilette of the Duchesse de Choiseul, a leading belle of French society in the eighteenth century. Here is a scene that would have charmed the very heart of Mrs. Wittitler:—

"The 18th century French lady of distinction at her toilette is worshipped by man, and crowned by the graces—a goddess. She is enthroned in a mysterious temple, the walls of which are hung with softest satin of cerulean blue; the doors are veiled with the same, so as to exclude all thoughts of the outer world. From the ceiling sportive nymphs—marvellous works of Boucher's art—shower down upon her the emblems of all good gifts of Olympus to woman."

"The light is mellow—rosate. The mossy carpet of Ambusson (a tapestry marvel of fruits and flowers) hushes the sound of a footstep. Exotic plants and delicious scents pervade the atmosphere with a sort of incense. Madame is languid; she has only just emerged from her bath, the waters of which, perfumed with essences fetched from the East by the latest charlatan in Paris, are said to be miraculous for perennial youth and beauty."

A crowd of gentlemen are in attendance, among whom we discover the portly form of Charles James Fox. The heroes of sword and pen emulate each other in trying to provoke a smile or win a glance from Madame; one relates or invents the latest news; another retails a *bon mot*; a third recites a poem; a fourth sings a *chanson*—but hush! the supreme moment arrives. Madame is about to stick on her patches!

"Singing, reading, recitation, gossip, are suspended. One handmaiden reverently presents a gold box of black beauty-spots to Madame, the other handmaiden offers her a silver shell, the

inner part of which contains carmine, as though dropped there by the fingers of Aurora. Madame leans gracefully forward towards the mirror. With her own dainty hand—the crowd breathlessly looking on—she sticks on her patches, one here, another there; and by their position, gives a *soupeçon* of her sentiments,—a *soupeçon* just as delicate as the artificial blush which at this moment suffuses her cheek. Rival heroes who are present look menacingly at each other, and touch their sword-hilts. Many a duel in the Bois de Boulogne at that time had its origin in Madame's toilette."

How thoroughly French is all this! and yet the fools who could thus waste their time and disgrace their manhood were not wanting in bravery and endurance when the occasion called for the exercise of these qualities. Lafayette left these Paphian scenes for the hardships and dangers of war in a distant and at that time almost savage country; and his example was followed by many scions of the most distinguished houses in France. The time was rapidly approaching when they could do this openly, for France, as her resolution to aid America ripened, drifted into a state of war with England. The appointment of Dr. Franklin, as commissioner from the revolted colonies to France, helped greatly to advance this consummation. Franklin's philosophical reputation had preceded him; he was greeted with joyful welcomes both by court and city. He was received privately at Versailles; he was crowned publicly by the Academy; his plain, almost quaker-like costume, became suddenly fashionable in an age of feathers, flowers, and tawdry lace; whilst his grandson, who accompanied him, showed no little disposition to assume the airs and dress of the *petit maître*. Voltaire's drama of 'Irène' was brought out at this time, and Franklin met him at the theatre, where the following fine piece of self-excitement and general effusion of French glorification took place:—

"A crown of laurel was placed upon the head of the bust of Voltaire; the actor who crowned that bust was dressed in the costume of a monk, he having performed the part of one in the tragedy just represented."

Madame Vestris then stepped forward, and recited a copy of verses; the last of which was:

"Voltaire, reçois la couronne
Que l'on vient de te présenter;
Il est beau de la mériter
Quand c'est la France qui la donne!"

After this, each actor laid the wreath he held round the bust. Mademoiselle Faniér, one of the actresses kissed the bust, and all the other actors and actresses followed her example. The acclamations were incessant; and these were renewed with fresh force when Dr. Franklin appeared by the side of Voltaire. "Vive Voltaire!" "Vive Franklin!" now resounded from every side. Voltaire and Franklin then embraced each other in the sight of the assembled multitude. In that embrace the people beheld the Old World and the New World united for a great cause, and that cause was Liberty.

Poor Voltaire was so excited by this and other similar scenes that he could not sleep, and sent to Marshal Richelieu for advice. The Marshal sent him an opiate divided into small doses. Voltaire swallowed the whole at once, and fell into a stupor from which he never thoroughly awoke. The priests refused him Christian burial, but the Freemasons decreed him an apotheosis in magnificent style. One of the most extraordinary characters of this age of prodigies was the Chevalier d'Eon. Nor is it quite clear even now whether the chevalier was a man or a woman. Speaking of this character as a man, we may state that,

owing to his remarkably effeminate appearance, he was enabled to assume the female garb, and to sustain the female character with perfect success. In this appearance he had been employed in diplomacy by Louis XV.; had acted as reader, and *dame de compagnie* to Elizabeth Petrovna, Empress of Russia; and defeated the diplomacy of the English ambassador at St. Petersburg. He was a skilful swordsman, and slew several opponents in single combat. He visited England in male attire, and so excited the wrath of George III. that the French government were compelled to recall him, and Louis XV., to soothe his Britannic Majesty, decreed that for the remainder of his life the Chevalier d'Eon should be condemned to wear woman's clothing. Marie Antoinette having expressed a wish to see him, it was arranged that he should be admitted to the Chapel Royal at Versailles in full dress.

"The Sunday following, the chevalier arrayed himself *en costume*: large hoop; long train; vast robes; sleeves with five rows of lace; immense woman's wig, with powder; very fine lappets; white gloves; a pretty fan in hand; perfectly shaven; diamond ear-rings and necklace; and giving himself all the coquettish airs of a pretty woman."

"When the Queen appeared, he unfortunately was in such haste to see her Majesty, that, in precipitately thrusting himself forward, his wig and head-dress fell off. Much confused, he tried to replace these; which he did hind-side before, and his appearance was so ridiculous that the King, the Queen, and all their suite, had much difficulty in refraining from laughter as they passed him. . . . "As to myself," says the Princesse de Lamballe, "I was a long time before I could recover my gravity, and even to-day, as I write, I laugh at the recollection." . . . What added to the absurdity of the circumstance was, that in the midst of mass, some charitable person having drawn the chevalier aside and re-adjusted his wig, he re-appeared in the chapel as though nothing had happened, carrying the train of his dress over his arm; and, having seated himself in front of the altar, fanned himself *à la coquette*, with imperturbable *sang-froid*."

The miserable chevalier was soon afterwards exiled to Tonnerre, where history loses sight of him. Whilst France was occupied with matters of this kind, or preparing for war against England to promote the liberties of America, there was a visible change passing over the popular mind; old feudal reverence had perished, the *nouveaux riches*, whose wealth had been scraped from the necessities of the nation, had in many cases superseded the hereditary lords of the soil, and with their estates had usurped their names and titles. The priesthood, the steady foes of popular liberty, had lost their hold upon the affections of the peasantry, yet the old appetite for believing remained and craved exercise and aliment. It was a season favourable to imposture; and the Count de St. Germain seems to have taken advantage of it to impose himself upon the public as the possessor of the *elixir vite* and the philosopher's stone: his fame, however, was limited to his own circle, and was speedily eclipsed by that of Dr. Mesmer, who was the first to propound openly the secrets of animal magnetism. Mesmer had been driven out of Vienna and came to Paris just as the people had lost their idol Voltaire. He was a man of noble appearance, and soon stepped upon the vacant pedestal. He professed to cure all diseases, to put an end to death, to make men immortal. He prayed the King to examine the facts of his operations, and a commission was appointed, of which Dr. Franklin was a member. Mesmer succeeded in magnetising all the commis-

sioners till he came to Dr. Franklin, against whom he proved utterly powerless, and who quietly crushed his pretensions by declaring that 'animal magnetism was mainly due to the effect of the patient's excited imagination, to imitation in numerous assemblies, and to the singular facility with which nervous affections propagate themselves, as in the common contagion of tears and laughter.' Mesmer never recovered from this blow; he soon after quitted the country, but the people were not satisfied. They had lost a source of agreeable excitement and wonder; they regarded him as a victim of court tyranny, of priestly odium, and of scientific jealousy. They were quite prepared to welcome a successor to him, and this successor soon appeared in the person of Joseph Balsamo, better known, except to the readers of French novels, as the Count Cagliostro.

Balsamo was of Jewish origin. In his boyhood he robbed a goldsmith, and with his booty travelled in search of knowledge. He visited Greece, Egypt, Turkey, and Arabia. He was received with honour by the Xerife of Mecca, and practised in that city as a physician. At the age of thirty, he returned to Europe, and assumed the name of Count Cagliostro. He became the guest of the Count St. Germain, himself no mean adept in charlatanism, and married a young woman of great beauty and talent, who became afterwards his chief accomplice in all his marvellous deceptions. Cagliostro had produced an immense sensation at Strasbourg, where he was patronised by the Cardinal de Rohan, whose sanction was a guarantee of reputed miracles. The dead were called up, the future was foretold, the past was revealed, gold was created, the sorcerer had the credit of unlimited wealth, and with all these recommendations he was certain of an enthusiastic welcome from the Parisians.

Mesmer had persuaded the people of a principle at once subtle and profound, and had addressed himself to their love of life, and also to the love of gold. Not only did he exceed the marvels of Mesmerism in curing the sick, but his patients, stretching out their hands towards him to bless him, found that gold mysteriously appeared upon their palms. The magnificence of Cagliostro's abode was the theme of every tongue; every drinking-cup there, it is said, was studded with gems. Fabulous wealth, thus openly displayed, might have excited envy and malignity, just at this time when Rousseau had revived the taste, or the fashion of the taste, for primitive life; . . . but the creation of gold, which enabled the people to share it with the creator, was worshipped in the person of Cagliostro by the people of Paris.

The Cardinal de Rohan appears to have made an infamous use of this man's influence, together with that of the abandoned Madame de la Motte, in the plot of the diamond necklace, which was intended to ruin Marie Antoinette. The story will be found well told in these volumes, with as near an approach to the truth of the matter as we suppose is now possible. After many wanderings in England, Switzerland, Savoy, and Piedmont, Cagliostro at last fell into the hands of the inquisition, was condemned to death, but had his sentence commuted to perpetual imprisonment, and died in the dungeons of St. Leon. A good part of the second volume is devoted to the struggle of the American colonies, and to notices of the principal persons who took part in it on either side. Among the French officers, the Count de Ségur was particularly distinguished. We cannot, although this article has already extended beyond our limits, resist the temptation to transfer to our columns De Ségur's picture

of a young quakeress, who seems to have impressed his imagination, jaded as it was by the artificial life and frivolities of Versailles, with the freshness and truth of nature.

'A being who seemed more nymph than woman! Never were so many graces, so much elegance, so much decency, united. It was Polly Leiton, the daughter of my grave *Trembleur*. Her robe was white as she was; the muslin of her ample neckerchief, the envious cambric which scarcely allowed me to perceive her fair hair—in short, the simple attire of a pious virgin—vainly strove to veil from us the most exquisite form, and to conceal from us the most seductive charms. Her eyes seemed to reflect, like two mirrors, the gentleness of a pure and tender soul. She received us with a *naïveté* which delighted me, and the "thou" and "thee," which her sect prescribes, gave to our new acquaintance an air of old friendship. I doubt whether any *chef-d'œuvre* of art could eclipse this "*chef-d'œuvre* of nature"—that is the name the Prince de Broglie gave to her. In our conversation she astonished me by the original candour of her questions.

"Thou hast not then in Europe," said she, "either wife or children, since thou quittest thy country to follow this ugly trade of war?"

"But it is for your interests," said I, "that I leave all that is dear to me; and it is to defend your liberty that I come to fight against the English."

"The English," said she, "have done thee no harm; and our liberty, what is that to thee? Thou art wrong to interfere in the affairs of others, unless it be to heal differences, and to prevent the shedding of blood."

"And what could I answer to this angel?" asks De Ségur. "In truth I was tempted to believe that she was one. Certain it is, that had I not been married and happy I should, by coming to defend the liberty of the Americans, have lost mine at the feet of Polly Leiton."

We cannot reveal to our readers the whole of the treasures of this book, but we trust the specimen we have given will prove sufficiently attractive to induce them to obtain the work for themselves. We can recommend it cordially; for although it is somewhat deficient in arrangement, its contents are so good in themselves, that the reader never pauses to notice the defect. It is a vast historical Phantasmagoria, in which we see through the time mists of eighty years, that antediluvian world of kings and statesmen, of warriors and philosophers, with all the glittering throng that surrounded them, which was swept away by the deluge of the Revolution.

YEDO AND PEKIN.*

MR. FORTUNE, the distinguished traveller and naturalist, was reduced to something like the position of Alexander the Great when he had no more worlds to conquer. He had exhausted China in the course of his enterprising researches, and there seemed nothing more to be done in the East, when the new policy of the Government opened Japan,—which had been closed to foreigners, with the exception of a few Dutch and Chinese, for nearly 230 years,—and a new field for exertion was thus afforded him. Accordingly he took his departure from England in the summer of 1860, and reached Nagasaki in the following October. His object was to make collections of objects of natural history and works

* A Narrative of a Journey to the Capitals of Japan and China; with Notices of the Natural Productions, Agriculture, Horticulture, and Trade of those Countries, with other things met with by the way. By Robert Fortune. London: John Murray. 1863.

of art; but the results of his observations, included in the present volume, embrace a wider range, and include such topics as manners and customs, politics, trade, morals, and other matters which scientific travellers are apt to neglect. The author has thus made his work as instructive to the general reader as if there was no particular reader addressed, and as amusing to both as if there was no attempt to instruct at all.

Mr. Fortune landed at Nagasaki, as we have said. The town contains about 70,000 inhabitants. It produces little worth purchasing, and is chiefly remarkable for its 'tea-houses,' which are much in the same condition as when Kämpfer described them nearly two hundred years ago—a remark by no means favourable to their present character. Mr. Fortune prudently prefers to cite Kämpfer's authority rather than his own upon the point, and retreats to the more congenial topic of horticulture. The love of flowers, he says, is a marked feature of the people, high and low. Through the open houses he had peeps at the prettiest little gardens as he passed along the streets; and whenever he was tempted to examine them more closely, the inhabitants received him most politely, and permitted him to examine all the pet flowers and dwarf trees of their parterres. Some of the gardens were not much larger than a good-sized dining-room; but the surface is rendered varied and pleasing by means of little mounds of turf, on which are the said dwarf trees kept clipped into fancy forms, and by miniature lakes in which gold and silver fish and tortoises disport themselves. Some of the gardens belonging to the higher classes are on a larger scale. In one Mr. Fortune met with some azaleas of extraordinary size, a specimen which he measured being no less than forty feet in circumference. They are kept neatly clipped into a fine round form, perfectly flat upon the top, and look like dining-room tables.

One day, during his walks in Nagasaki, Mr. Fortune had an opportunity of seeing some extraordinary processions:—

'The first one I saw consisted of a number of men dressed up as Chinamen, who were supporting a huge dragon, and making it wriggle about in an extraordinary manner. Another procession consisted of little children, some so small that they could hardly walk, who were dressed in the Dutch military costume—cocked hats, tail coats, with epaulettes, dress-swords, and everything in the first style, closely resembling Mynheer on gala-days, when the trade of Japan was all his own, and Desima—dear little prison—his abiding place. In this procession Dutch fraus and frauleins were duly represented, and truth compels me to say that they were never shown off to more advantage. The procession was accompanied by a band, dressed up also in an appropriate manner; they had European instruments, and played European music. The day was fine; thousands of people lined the streets; flags were hung from every window, and altogether the scene was most amusing. I followed the procession through the principal streets, and then up to a large temple situated on the hill-side above the town. Here the infantine troop was put through various military manoeuvres, which were executed in a most creditable manner. I was amused with the gravity with which everything was done—each child looked as if it was in sober earnest, and scarcely a smile played on one of the many little faces that were taking part in this mimic representation of the good Dutchmen. The exercises having been gone through, the band struck up a lively air, and the little actors marched away to their homes.'

Mr. Fortune made some excursions from Nagasaki, of course within the limits allowed

by treaty. He was able to procure some specimens of tea, just then coming into flower. It seems identical with the Chinese plant, and may have been introduced from China; but it is not unlikely to be indigenous, as the productions of the two countries are very similar in character. The great tea country of Japan is two or three hundred miles farther northward, near Miaco, where the spiritual emperor resides.

Mr. Fortune left Nagasaki, where he had been received with uniform courtesy by natives of all classes, and proceeded by sea to the port of Kanagawa, near Yedo, the capital of the Tycoon, or temporal monarch of Japan. The coast is famous for gales, in which our traveller did not believe until he met with one of them, and then his incredulity forsook him, for he had seen nothing like it except a typhoon in China. Kanagawa, on the northern side of the bay of Yedo, is the place named in the treaty as one of the ports opened to the British; but it was found unsuitable, owing to the shallowness of the water; and the foreign settlement has been therefore made at Yokohama, which is more to the west. It is to Yokohama that, since Mr. Fortune's departure, the British Legation has made a temporary retirement, in consequence of the hostility of the Japanese nobles. The town contains from eighteen to twenty thousand inhabitants. The foreign allotments are kept strictly separate from the native part of the town, and communication is impossible without the knowledge of the guards, and consequently of the Government. This, Mr. Fortune thinks it probable, is intended more for our protection than for any other purpose. The new houses of the foreign merchants are built upon a highly philosophical plan, but one rather alarming to European prejudices. The joints of the timbers are tied together, or fastened in a way to allow the entire structure to rock or move to and fro during those earthquakes which are so common and so destructive in this part of the world. It is only the human article, however, that is trusted to this frail protection. Ordinary merchandise is stored in detached 'go-downs,' while specie and other valuable property is kept in a fire-proof building erected on the premises for the purpose.

Of the manufactures of Yokohama the traveller speaks in high terms, though the lacquer-ware is not so fine as that of Miaco. The toys are described as especially beautiful and ingenious — beyond even those specimens that have reached this country. The trade in them is immense, indicating the proverbial fondness of the Japanese for their children.

'In the art of drawing,' says Mr. Fortune: —

'the Japanese are far inferior to ourselves, but they are greatly in advance of the Chinese. Although foreigners have been only a short time resident in Yokohama, their appearance, customs, and manners, are faithfully represented by the Japanese artists. Here are to be found pictures of men and women — rather caricatures, it must be confessed, engaged in amusements peculiar to highly civilised nations. Ladies riding on horseback, or walking — duly encompassed with a wonderful amount of crinoline — are fairly represented. Scenes in the Gan-ke-ro — a place got up by the government for the amusement of foreigners — are also portrayed in a manner not particularly flattering to our habits and customs. Boisterous mirth, indulgence in wine and strong drinks, and the effects thereof upon those who are inclined to be quarrelsome, are all carefully depicted.'

The Japanese, however, have scarcely a right to be censorious in this respect; for they

are themselves addicted to intemperance in no ordinary degree. A native spirit, something like whisky, has a large consumption; and it has passed into a proverb that all Yedo is drunk after sunset. A guide called Tomi, whom Mr. Fortune engaged, partook of this popular vice. His eyes were always red in the morning, as if he had taken too much *saki* the night before; but he managed, we are told, for the most part, to keep sober during the day.

Mr. Fortune made several botanical excursions from Yokohama, and obtained many useful and interesting specimens. One of his principal objects was to procure the male variety of the common *Aucuba Japonica* of our English parks and gardens — the most hardy and useful exotic evergreen shrub we possess. It belongs to a class of plants which have the male and female flowers produced on different individuals. In Japan it is covered with a profusion of crimson berries, but these berries have never been produced here, as all the specimens in this country happen to be female, and cannot bloom by themselves. The male variety has now been brought safely home, however, and one of these days we may expect to see a novel effect produced in our squares and public places.

Our author proceeded from Yokohama to Yedo, on a visit to Mr. (now Sir Rutherford) Alcock, whose more elaborate and scarcely so readable account of Japan has been recently published. The people on the road were perfectly civil and respectful, and there were as many beggars as in the days of Kämpfer. At every two or three hundred yards were tea-houses for the refreshment and accommodation of travellers. They are open in front, like the shops, and have the floor slightly raised, and covered with mats, on which the travellers are expected to sit cross-legged. As the party approached one of these tea-houses, 'some pretty young ladies,' Mr. Fortune says, met them in the middle of the road with a tray on which were placed sundry cups of tea of very good quality. This they begged them to partake of, as a help on the journey. At the larger tea-houses water is provided for the horses. At the 'Hotel of Ten Thousand Centuries,' an establishment of the first class, the landlord insisted upon their resting, and 'his invitation was seconded by three or four Japanese beauties;' but this time they were ungallant enough to refuse, as such frequent stoppages were unnecessary, besides being slightly expensive. Farther on, however, they were induced to stay at a celebrated tea-house bearing a name equivalent to 'The Mansion of Plum-trees.' They were stopped in the usual way by 'mine host and some pretty damsels.' But we must let the author describe the place himself: —

'"The Mansion of Plum-trees" is one of the best of the class to which it belongs. It is arranged in the usual style, that is, it has a number of apartments separated from each other by sliding doors, and raised floor, covered with mats, kept scrupulously clean, upon which the natives sit down to eat their meals and drink tea or *saki*. In front of the door there is a matted platform, raised about a foot from the ground, and covered overhead. Ladies travelling in *norimons*, or *kangos*, when about to stop at the tea-house, are brought alongside of this platform, the bearers give the conveyance a tilt on one side, and the fair ones are literally tilted out upon the stage. They seem quite accustomed to this treatment, and immediately gather themselves up in the most coquettish manner possible, and assume the squatting posture common in Japan.'

Our author does not know whether the 'laughing-faced damsels' on the road had

anything to do with their determination, but the party soon found themselves inside the house, 'surrounded by pretty, good humoured girls, and sipping a cup of fragrant tea.' One lady, not very young, and supposed to be the hostess, had adorned herself by pulling out her eyebrows and blackening her teeth; but the young girls had glittering white teeth and their lips stained with a crimson dye. 'The Japanese innkeeper,' remarks Mr. Fortune, 'always secures the prettiest girls for the waiting maids, reminding me in this respect of our own publicans and their bar-maids.' Unlike the Chinese women (who consider it etiquette to run away at the sight of a foreigner), the Japanese girls are not at all diffident, but make friends at once with strangers, and have even learned to shake hands. But though their manners are more free, their morals are not more lax than those of the Chinese. It should be remembered, however, while noting this fact, that Japan is perhaps the most licentious country, as far as manners are concerned, in the world, and that the 'tea-houses' are frequently places of very questionable resort.

Yedo is a city of imposing appearance, half surrounding the bay in the form of a crescent. It is about twelve miles long and eight miles wide, and has a population of some two millions. The Tycoon's palace is in the centre, and surrounded by an enclosure which no foreigner dare penetrate. Here Mr. Fortune especially noticed the national love for flowers, and he was able during his stay to obtain many interesting specimens and make many important observations. He did not fail, either, here as elsewhere, to observe matters of a general kind. The habit of promiscuous bathing — of which we have heard so much from various writers — he considers a habit merely — as no sign either of primitive innocence or unbounded licentiousness, for the Japanese are not primitively innocent, and their mode of bathing does not make them more licentious than they would be in any case. He paid two visits to Yedo, the second time on the invitation of the American minister, Mr. Alcock being absent. But it seems the American minister had no power to give a British subject permission to remain at the place, and the officer in charge of the British Legation most discourteously declining to do so in this case, and in fact giving Mr. Fortune peremptory notice to quit, that gentleman felt himself obliged to do so. His remarks concerning Yedo are not therefore so extensive as they would otherwise have been.

But we must sum up our traveller's principal conclusions in a brief space. Of the climate of Japan he gives a good account. In July and August, the hottest months of the year, observations show a maximum temperature of 92° and a minimum of 63°. In January and February, the coldest months, the temperature ranges between 18° and 59°. The monsoons are not so decided as in China, but there are tremendous hurricanes. The rainy season is more decided, resembling that of upper India, but shorter. On the whole, the climate is invigorating to foreigners as well as natives, and many persons whose health has been enervated in China may be restored to strength by a change to Japan. The writer gives an interesting account of the agriculture of the country, and contradicts the generally received report that 'hardly a foot of ground is left uncultivated.' There are many thousands of acres in this state, he tells us, simply because the people have no occasion for their produce. The trade of the country has been probably over-rated; but there is no doubt that it can

produce silk and tea of the finest kinds to any extent, and that its value as a market is immense. At the same time there would be great danger in enforcing, for the present, those provisions of the treaty which the Japanese government are now seeking to evade; for a civil war would most probably follow such a step, and deprive us of the advantages we seek, even if it did not involve us in hostilities ourselves. The latter contingency is not to be lightly regarded, as the Japanese would be far more formidable enemies than the Chinese, and it would be necessary for us to go to work in earnest. At the same time it is difficult not to foresee that the necessity for hostile measures will sooner or later arise. The Tycoon, however well disposed, is now powerless to support us. The Daimios, who may be said to rule Mikado, are determined to effect our expulsion. Even the people, though not actively against us, have not overcome their natural prejudice, and tolerate us principally for the profit they may derive from us. All of these conclusions Mr. Fortune puts with more or less directness, and his general opinion upon the relations between the two countries will be endorsed by all who are best acquainted with the subject.

The account of Pekin occupies but a small portion of the volume, and contains little novelty calling for remark. It forms, however, a very agreeable conclusion to a very welcome work.

DEEP WATERS.*

THE most prominent defect of Miss Drury's novel is the time she suffers to elapse before the interest fairly begins. She tacks too frequently before she gets out to sea. Once, however, in deep waters, the wind fills her sail, which never slackens till the 'haven of happiness' is made. 'Deep Waters,' as a whole, is an excellent novel. The characters are numerous and well contrasted, while the interest, when it does commence, is powerfully sustained and artistically developed to the close.

Frederick Atterbury, the son of a noted banker, in the course of a pedestrian tour is attacked by a snappish dog, the companion of Miss Anne Clavering, in her afternoon promenade. The gentleman in his hurried defence accidentally breaks the leg of his assailant. Deeply grieved, he apologises to the lady, binds the fractured limb, and carries the dog to Lawleigh, where Miss Clavering resides with her uncle, the head of an old country family, whose fortunes have been most painfully reduced. This introduction is ripened into an intimacy, during which the young banker proposes, and is accepted by Miss Clavering. Soon afterwards he returns to London, and in a few months, by the death of his father, becomes the sole representative of the firm. His betrothed, in the mean time, has been left almost friendless by the decease of the relative with whom she lived, and has travelled to London to meet another uncle, one Rupert Clavering, on his arrival from Australia. This latter is an odd eccentric character who had emigrated years before for the double purpose of economising the family property by his absence and of accumulating a new fortune. He is accompanied by his butler, Adam,—one of Sir Joshua's pet lambs,—and a certain Lieutenant Sydney, an officer whom he had accidentally met at Marseilles returning home inviolated from the Crimean war. The uncle

arrives at the moment when his niece is suffering from the heaviest blow which a woman's nature can receive. She has learnt that her lover Frederick Atterbury is to be married the following day to a Miss Eleanor Ormonde, a lady of independent fortune, and the ward of Sir John Pearpoint, a needy baronet. In the jealous torment of her abandonment, Anne Clavering despatches anonymously a gold bracelet formerly given to her by Atterbury as a wedding present to her successful rival, who in a few days becomes the wife of the young banker.

But Atterbury, as we now see him, is a very different being to the Atterbury of former days. He is no longer frank and open, but anxious and reserved. It is evident that he has been half-forced half-persuaded into this luckless union, and that the oppression of some strange secret is upon him.

Six weeks after the marriage we become acquainted with Mr. Martock, the confidential solicitor of the late banker, and of his son. He is also concerned for Mrs. Atterbury, whose property is strictly settled on herself. He pays a mysterious visit to the couple at a watering place on the south coast, and in a few days after, a telegram summons Atterbury to town suddenly on pressing business. The chance perusal of a newspaper, and the visit of a friend, Mr. Despard, explains the cause of his abrupt departure. The bank has failed. Atterbury is of course ruined, and a suspicion of crime attaches to his name. The calamity brings out the true noble nature of the woman. She follows her husband to town, accompanied by Despard, but being informed, both by him and the solicitor Martock, that detectives are on her husband's track, she dare not leave the wretched lodging they have taken for her, lest she should be watched and Atterbury be taken. She, however, communicates with him through Despard, and from her private fortune furnishes him with the means to reach America.

Unable at last to endure the solitude of her lodgings, Eleanor bribes the servant to obtain a cab, intending, at all risks, to visit an old family friend. She is watched by a spy of the solicitor Martock, who mounts the box, and, taking advantage of the state of almost insensibility into which she had fallen, induces the cabman to drive her direct to his master's house. Martock is engaged, and she is taken to an upper room, where she partially recovers, and overhears most convincing proofs of Martock's treachery. She escapes from a back window and reaches the house of her old friend, Mr. Tresham. She learns to her horror that the whole family is reduced to beggary by the failure of her husband's bank, and that Mr. Tresham himself is dying from the sudden effects of so severe a blow. They however take pity on her and give her shelter. From that moment her resolution is taken. She surrenders every penny of her fortune for the benefit of the estate, and under the assumed name of Mrs. Mornay determines to gain a living for herself.

Mrs. Atterbury, in the capacity of teacher of music, becomes acquainted with the family of the Claverings, who, ignorant of her real name and position, beg her to become the companion of Anne Clavering at Lawleigh. Mrs. Mornay is indirectly aware that Anne's early life has been overshadowed by a love disappointment; while Anne is equally conscious that there is a certain mystery in the former career of her friend to which she must not refer. With these exceptions their confidence is unreserved, and a genuine attachment springs up between them. This continues

till Anne accidentally visits Mrs. Mornay's dressing-room, and notices lying on the table the bracelet she had formerly sent as a wedding present. Explanation is demanded and given. Anne's demeanour towards her companion changes, and she hates the unsuspecting Mrs. Mornay as much as before she loved her.

This alteration of manner becomes painfully conscious to Mrs. Mornay, and she has almost determined in consequence to quit her pleasant home, when a German artist visits Lawleigh, and offers to photograph the house. In the course of his preparations, he announces himself privately to Mrs. Mornay as her husband. In an interview which she has with him in the garden, after the family have retired, she learns his former love-episode with Miss Clavering, and is about to appoint another meeting, when, hearing a strange noise, they discover the ticket-of-leave man, Adam, stealing the silver plate placed under his charge. A struggle ensues, in which Adam is much injured and Atterbury wounded. In the alarm Mrs. Mornay drags her husband in the house and conceals him behind a secret panel, which had been recently discovered in the wainscot of the dining-room. The family are roused, Adam is believed to have received his injuries in defending his master's property, and suspicion points to Mrs. Mornay, who is requested to confine herself to her room. She sends repeatedly for Anne Clavering, and when she at length visits her, reveals the whole truth, and hysterically appeals to her generosity to save her husband's life. Anne, forgetting the grievous wrong she had suffered at his hands, gives an eager assent, tells her uncle each detail of the story, and they together shelter the wounded fugitive in their house. His safety is not long assured, for a London detective traces and arrests him, and he is committed for trial. His friends then make a vigorous effort, and, principally by the searching cross-examination of the solicitor, Martock, it is elicited that Atterbury was wholly ignorant of the fraud with which he was charged. It had been committed by the father without his knowledge, Martock himself being an accomplice. Martock is killed by the shame of the disclosure. Atterbury is acquitted, and leaves England, with his faithful wife, to begin life anew in Australia. Anne Clavering, to the delight of her uncle, is united to a convenient cousin, who had been her tried and affectionate confidant in every difficulty.

This sketch we feel does but feeble justice to the power of the author. The characters are portrayed with a firm yet delicate touch, and the book itself will speedily become popular among all classes of novel readers.

MEMOIRS OF MISERS.*

[FIRST ARTICLE.]

IT has long been our opinion, that the world is rather hard on that curious class of collectors called misers.

It is one of the necessities of human nature, that a man should have one absorbing, engrossing pursuit, to divert his mind from all the trials and troubles that surround him in this life. To most men this pursuit is a business or profession, the success of which is always regarded as of more importance than the profit it may bring. To many men it is a personal hobby, which, in a great number of cases, becomes a morbid propensity. To this class belongs the miser; and we cannot look

* Deep Waters. A Novel. By Anna Drury. London: Chapman & Hall.

* Memoirs of Remarkable Misers. By Cyrus Redding. 2 vols. London: Charles J. Skeet. 1863.

upon him in a much worse light than those collectors who rave after old china, old books, old manuscripts, and old coins. The miser prefers new to old coins, and, in this respect, he differs from the numismatist, but he regards his treasures in exactly the same light. He does not use his money in the way the world does, but values his collection abstractedly, as a sign of the success he has made in that one occupation he has chosen as the object of his life. He does not save it for his personal enjoyment, for he never uses it; nor for the social influence it gives him, for he hides it. We, therefore, look upon the miser as a useful and unselfish member of society. At the expense of his own personal convenience and comfort, he creates a fortune for the benefit of his successors, who may laugh at their eccentric ancestor, but should, at least, refrain from abusing him. Mr. Cyrus Redding does not at all agree with this view of the miser. He considers no epithet too strong to hurl at him; and although he has, at least, one merit—that he has furnished Mr. Redding with the subject of a book—every opportunity is taken to bring him into contempt and hatred. We prefer Mr. Redding's facts to his opinions, and proceed, therefore, at once, to give our readers a taste of his quality.

The first memoir relates to Ostervald, the Parisian banker. The capital with which he commenced was thus accumulated:—

‘When this man set out in life, he was accustomed to drink a pint of beer for supper at a tavern which he daily visited. From thence he would take away with him all the bottle corks he could collect or lay hands upon. Of such corks, in about eight years, he had collected as many as sold for twelve Louis-d’ors. With that sum this distinguished banker laid the foundation of his fortune—a fortune gained for the most part by stock-jobbing; and he left behind at his decease, in French money, three millions of francs.’

The following anecdote relates to Perigaux, the predecessor of Lafitte, the noted Parisian banker in the time of the first Napoleon:—

‘There were several charges against him in regard to the mode in which he acquired some of his wealth. It is certain that large sums were confided to his hands by persons who afterwards suffered under the guillotine, and had before hoped to make their escape. It was reported that one noble duke, who was summoned before the revolutionary tribunal, had a large sum in Perigaux's hand, to remit abroad. The affrighted old nobleman offered all the money he had to escape death, and to have permission to leave the country. It was demanded of him where his money was lodged. Perigaux, who contrived, rich as he was, to pass unscathed through that eventful period, when wealth was almost a sure road to destruction, was summoned before the tribunal, and was asked what money on the duke's account he had in his hand? He replied none whatever, not a sou! The duke was guillotined.’

Of avarice in high places in this country, we have this example:—

‘A baronet in the west of England returned six members to the House of Commons before the Reform Bill passed; thus, at four thousand pounds a seat, putting twenty-four thousand pounds into his pocket every election, or having an equivalent in influence. His neighbours wrote upon his park-gate the old distich:—

‘Very large house, and small cheer,
Very large cellar, and no beer,
Very large park, and no deer,
Sir Christopher H— lives here.’

One of the most remarkable instances of a saving instinct mentioned in this book, is that of the Rev. John Trueman, of Daventry:—

‘Mr. Trueman's income was about four hundred

per annum clear, and by his self-denying management of it he contrived to leave behind him no less than fifty thousand pounds. There were few things too mean for him to do in order to save money; he was accustomed to visit the different farm-houses in his parish, and to steal turnips out of the fields as he passed along. He would then beg a bit of bacon to boil with them. If perchance the bacon were left near him and he could do it unseen, he would take out his pocket-knife and adroitly, as was well known, cut a second slice and put it into his pocket. The stolen slice generally furnished him with an excuse for begging greens at another place to cook with it; or, if there were none in the way, to beg potatoes. He would sometimes contrive to get an invitation to remain all night, if the farm were of the better class. Sometimes he would quarter himself without any invitation at all, and in the room in which he slept he was known to steal the red-coloured and other worsted out of the corners of the blankets, which he took away with him to darn his stockings, which were like Joseph's coat of many colours, if not of all.’

The story of Mr. Elwes is familiar to every reader; but the industrious character of the servant he was fortunate enough to retain is not so well-known:—

‘Every morning he rose at four o'clock, and milked the cows; he next prepared breakfast for his master; then he slipped on a green coat, went to the stable, saddled the horses, got out the hounds, and so away to the field. After returning, he rubbed down the horses as quickly as possible, ran into the house, laid the cloth, and waited at dinner. He then hurried again to the stable to feed the horses; then he had to attend again to the cows, and milk them once more, to feed the dogs, and litter down eight horses for the night. Yet this servant lived with Mr. Elwes for some years, and was called an idle dog by his master, who said he wanted to be paid for doing nothing.’

‘He died upon a rough-trotting horse while following his master into Berkshire. His yearly wages were not more than five pounds, and he had fasted the whole day on which he died.’

Here is a story of Foscue, a farmer-general of Languedoc, which might have suggested to the poet Rogers the famous legend of Ginevra:—

‘He had a vault made in his wine-cellar, so large that he could descend into it himself by means of a ladder. At the entrance there was a spring-lock which would cause a trap-door to shut, and it could not be opened except on the outside. Foscue was one day found missing, and every search after him proved to be vain. His ponds were dragged, and all other means taken to discover him. He was given over for lost, and his property duly disposed of. His house was soon afterwards sold. The purchaser being about to make some alterations in it, the workmen discovered the vault in the cellar, and the key in the lock outside. It was opened, and on descending, Foscue was found lying dead on the ground, with a candlestick near him, but no candle, for that it appeared he had eaten. On looking round, they discovered his enormous treasure. It was supposed that, when he went down into his vault, the door had by some accident closed after him, and being beyond all hearing of his fellow-creatures, he had perished of hunger.’

The following relation, one of the most curious in the volumes, refers to Madame Poney, a resident in the Pays de Vaud in Switzerland, and possessed of a considerable income:—

‘Her house, much larger than she required, was partly shut up. She had sold the furniture, which had once been of the best kind, the moment the place came into her hands, and had made the kitchen her principal abode. Only three other rooms were kept in use with unlocked doors. One was for the sake of her animal companions—a whole bery of cats. . . .

‘A dingy appearance, half dirt, and half the work of neglect, prevailed throughout the apartment. The only novelty consisted of three or four of her cats asleep on the bed, obviously favourites of the lady of the dwelling, considering their sleek condition and her own meagre appearance. These slumbering members of the feline race were her only companions. At a certain hour of the day, of which these animals were cognisant, or if they were not so, they were made aware of it by their mistress's call, her whiskered household, as if she had eschewed her own biped race for the quadrupedal, came into the kitchen purring and rubbing against each other, all evidently prepared with keen appetites for the food which Madame Poney had in store for them. One, two, three, in they came with all the impatience of the feline species, and all the ill-nature and growling they exhibit in place of gratitude, when in possession of their meal from the hands which feed them.

‘Thus, Madame Poney lived alone in the midst of her cats; only one individual was admitted to her confidence and society, rather from necessity than choice. . . . This girl, named Lalette, was despatched once a week to purchase a few necessities at the grocer's shop, but her principal errand was to obtain bullock's liver and similar provender for the cats. Sharing in a small degree the favour bestowed on the animals by their mistress, she was sometimes invited to remain with her after dinner on a Sunday. She partook of coffee with Madame Poney, and was entertained with the history and genealogy of her cats and their different natures. She heard their virtues repeated, and on such occasions they were called by their mistress, when they hurried around her, some seating themselves in her lap, others sitting on the back of her chair, with their sharp green eyes peering out on each side of her head, which was seldom arranged.’

‘She gave several hints to Lalette that she should have no objection to take her for a companion, and give her an abode under the same roof; but the girl, though among the poorest who laboured for their bread, saw enough of Madame Poney and her system of starvation to make her hesitate in complying. . . .

‘Matters, therefore, continued as they were before. Madame Poney closed her door before nightfall, and, to save a light, retired early to rest, a host of her cats generally accompanying her to her pillow. A scene was here displayed which a comic artist might have sketched to the advantage of his pencil. Oftentimes her whole twelve cats would attend her to her bedroom, and arrange themselves from her head to her feet with all that demure aspect that distinguishes the species. . . .

‘The company of animals it was which no doubt reconciled Madame Poney to the expense of keeping them. The hardest human hearts dread utter solitude; and misers, who always imagine that others have some design upon them, are prone to seek the company of creatures which free them from such an apprehension.

‘She preserved everything that could be turned into money. Careful when absent from home to preserve an exterior of tolerable neatness in appearance, she wore herself a fine, thick, tarnished cloak of silk, which had belonged to her aunt, who had died many years before, but it covered a miserable dress full of holes, which she had made out of a cast-off one of her aunt's, that had seen more than forty summers.’

‘Her linen was rinsed, not washed, and never ironed, except it was a ruffle or an article some part of which was visible. The waste of fire for such a purpose she never could have forgiven herself, and she quoted the proverb, “For what the eye does not see the heart does not grieve.”

‘Still there might be detected, in her mode of adorning herself, traces of that regard for pleasing others which belong to the female character. When her tenants on the day fixed came to pay her their rents, she always dressed in her best clothes to receive them. In a large wooden elbow chair at the end of her table, she awaited their appearance and departure. Her cats were a part of her train, as if they composed the body-guard of their

mistress. Some were perched upon her chair-back, others reposed in her lap, and one or two sat upon the table and gravely looked upon the strangers, the papers, and the receipts, as if they understood all that was going forward.

'Now and then, a favourite grimalkin would expire of old age. In such a case, she took the carcase of her four-legged friend into the garden, skinned it dexterously herself, and buried the animal in a particular corner near some of its feline relatives. She then prepared the skin for stuffing with her own hands, by a process which had been taught her, and placed it on a shelf in one of her rooms, near others of its antecedents, thus representing a sort of feline mausoleum.

'She was once seen perusing a paper that had wrapped up her groceries, the only instance in which she was observed to take an interest in anything intellectual, in fact to read at all, for she possessed nothing of a literary kind but an old Douai bible, the blank leaves of which at the beginning and end were filled with all sorts of memorandums, and even the decease of some of her cats found a record there.'

'She expired in her fifty-seventh year, unregretted and unbeloved by her kind. Before that event, her mind was utterly gone. Her property was bequeathed to the niece she so much neglected, who afterwards took the poor girl Lalette into her service, in the house where she before had been only an inmate by sufferance.'

The Rev. Mr. Jones, curate of Blowberry, seems to have been even more parsimonious than the celebrated Elwes. He had no servant, the whole of his household duties being performed by himself. He held his office forty-three years:—

'It will scarcely be credited that the same hat and coat served him for his every-day dress during the whole of that period! The brim of his hat had on one side been worn off quite to the crown, but on coming one day across the fields, he met with an old left-off hat, stuck up for a scarecrow. He immediately secured the prize, and with some tar-twine, substituted as thread, and a piece of the brim, repaired the deficiencies of his beloved old hat, and ever after wore it, although the old crown was quite brown, and the new brim black as jet.'

'His stockings were washed and mended by himself, and some of them had scarcely a vestige of the original worsted. He had a great store of new shirts, which had never been worn; but, for many years, his stock in use was circumscribed to one; his parsimony would not permit him to have this washed more than once in two or three months, for which he reluctantly paid a poor woman fourpence. He always slept without his shirt, that it might not want washing too often, and by that means be worn out; and he always went without one while it was washed, and very frequently at other times. This solitary shirt he mended himself, and as fast as it required to be patched in the body, he ingeniously supplied it by cuttings from the tail; but, as nothing will last for ever, by this constant clipping it unfortunately became too short to reach down to his small clothes. This of course was a sad disaster, and there was some fear lest one of the new ones must come into use; but, after a diligent search, he found in his drawers the top part of another shirt with a frill on, which had probably lain by ever since his youthful days. This piece was, with his usual sagacity, tacked by him on to the tail of the old one, with the frill downwards, and was thus worn until the day before he left Blowberry.'

'He was often seen roaming about the churchyard, to pick up bits of stick, or busily lopping his shrubs or fruit trees, to make his fire, while his wood-house was crammed with wood and coal, which he could not prevail on himself to use. In very cold weather, he would get by some neighbour's fire, to warm his shivering limbs, and when evening came, retire to bed for warmth, but generally without a candle, as he allowed himself only the small bits left of those provided for divine

service in the church. He was never known to keep dog, cat, or any other living creature; and the whole expenses of his house, for the last twenty years of his life, did not amount to half-a-crown a week; and, as his fees exceeded that sum, he always saved the whole of his yearly salary, which never was more than fifty pounds per annum.'

'It was with reluctance that he gave over preaching. He appeared anxious to end his days at Blowberry; but he was obliged to leave the vicarage-house, and no one would take him to live with them *gratis*. He could not bear the thought of parting with money, and being much hurt at the infamous conduct of a boy, of whom he was very fond, but by whom he had been robbed at different times of more than one hundred pounds, he, with the advice of a friend, formed a resolution to write to his kindred in Wales (to whom he was almost unknown, having wholly left the place of his birth for more than fifty years) to come and fetch him to end his days there, emphatically declaring, in the words of Waller, that "he should be glad to die, like the stag, where he was roused." Accordingly, he was fetched by them, and they were amply rewarded for their trouble by the great property he left them.'

We extract a condensed account of a lady-miser who lived in the last century, Miss Elizabeth Bolaine of Canterbury. Her father left a son behind him, as well as the subject of this memoir, and at his decease bequeathed fifteen hundred pounds to both of them, and a life interest in three thousand to his widow; which sum was to be equally divided between his two children at her death. The mother having five hundred pounds of her own when her husband died, bequeathed it to her son; but Miss Bolaine, mortified at the partiality thus displayed, forged her mother's handwriting, and transferred the property to herself.'

This incident produced a coolness towards her, for which she never forgave her brother, whom she attempted to stab while he was helplessly lying ill from the effects of a fall from his horse. Her brother forgave her, and at his death, the widowed mother of both was compelled to reside with her avaricious daughter. The poor old lady was so nearly starved, that, after her decease, only a few mouldy beans were found in the house. Miss Bolaine in early womanhood was not unprepossessing, and had at that time several offers, which she managed to render subservient to her desire for accumulation:—

'Among her other arts to save, she induced her suitors to defray the expenses of her different entertainments, which she called "treats." One of these is worthy of record. Being a visitor at the house of a lady in town, she happened to attend a Lord Mayor's ball, and there won the love of a Captain E—, who hastily offered her marriage; but she was too wary to accept the offer and resign her liberty. She preferred accepting his presents and keeping him at bay.'

'She had a second offer from a gentleman of Faversham, in which the temptation of a coach and four was offered to gain her; but she disregarded a promise she made and jilted him. Her next lover was a gentleman from Canterbury, who contrived to win her affections, and she gave him a bond for 200*l.*, which she was to forfeit if she did not keep her promise; this was the best proof which could be given of the strength of her affection for him.'

She, however, speedily relented, and became only anxious to recover possession of the bond. She simulated increased affection in order to obtain her object, and even made a pretended attempt at suicide in furtherance of her plan, until at last—

'She having fixed the day and even the hour for their marriage, the lover in the weakness of his passion, gave her up the bond. The minister was in waiting, the poor deluded bridegroom in atten-

dance, but the bride was waited for in vain by him and a crowd of spectators. The bridegroom, who was a limb of the law, and overwhelmed with mortification, left Canterbury, his heartless mistress not concealing her enjoyment at outwitting a lawyer.'

She had another offer of marriage, but the gentleman refusing to settle the whole of his fortune on her, the negotiation fell to the ground. Eventually she had a *liaison* with the following pleasant specimen of humanity:—

'A person of the other sex, a Mr. B—x, paid Miss Bolaine several visits, and she consented to live with him, and, when there was any occasion, to adopt his name. He suited her exactly, could wash, iron, sweep the house, and eat a mouldy crust, or tainted meat, for he too was a miser. He invented a new species of very economical fuel, which much recommended him to her; but he was never allowed to stir the fire except in her presence. In making this fire, he placed cabbage stalks from the garden, and old boughs of bushes between grass turf, laying the latter stratum super stratum, so as to prevent the consumption from being too rapid. The produce of the garden was sold, and Mr. B. was the gardener, working in rags with a greasy nightcap upon his head. Miss Bolaine only permitted him to eat the decaying fruit.'

'Mrs. B—x, as she called herself, volunteered to knit stockings for neighbours and friends, and sometimes tendered them assistance with her own hands, but was unluckily detected in charging three farthings an ounce more for the worsted than she had actually paid for it.

'At length the worthy pair, Mr. and Mrs. B. as they were styled, determined to set up a carriage, which the owner appears to have painted and decorated himself. A couple of cart horses were purchased, and a left off suit of drummer's clothes formed the coachman's livery. The coachman was said to have been a mendicant. The expense of keeping the vehicle was met by letting it out occasionally for hire. The owner himself and his partner together fed the horses themselves; but upon a scale so moderate, that the animals could not have been excelled in leanness by Pharaoh's attenuated kine. These cattle cost their owners 30*l.* the pair at Sandwich. So fearful was he of suffering the news of his purchase to transpire, though made with his own money, that he had the intelligence broken gradually to the lady. She was at St. Lawrence, fifteen miles from Canterbury. Setting out for home, and finding him not yet come in from Sandwich, she vowed vengeance, and the quarrel ended in threatening to throw herself into the well; but he overcame her anger by proposing to let out the carriage, and handbills were at once printed to that effect.'

The equipage ultimately broke down in the course of their travel by the death of one of their horses. They sold both the survivor and the chariot, the latter fetching eight pounds. The manner in which the lady provided herself for her frequent walks to London is thus described by Mr. Redding:—

'Her refreshments were usually taken under a hedge. She carried provisions for the purpose, accompanied by a little gin, or, as she called it, *nig*. She availed herself of the almshouse at Rochester, where a bed, a breakfast, and 4*d.* were given to poor travellers who applied for them. She was also ingenious enough to carry letters from people to their friends, with whom she made a sufficient acquaintance to procure something to eat on the way, as a lunch or a breakfast. She was known to go and return from London spending no more than a shilling. Her wretched appearance made the master of a Gravesend boat take her there for the promise of a pint of beer, which at the end of the voyage, from her wretched appearance, he refused to let her pay. She allowed Mr. B. a settle of coals and no more when she went to London, advising him to keep in bed until she returned.'

The domestic habits of the strange pair were, let us hope, singular to themselves:—

‘At one time this couple used to go and bathe in a retired place together, the old man carrying a stable rug for the lady’s bathing dress, which they afterwards concealed near the spot for future uses. He was a miser, but still not so complete a miser as herself. Once he bought a cask of spirit for their mutual solace, for which she abused him, and having purloined ten quarts, accused him of buying a cask well nigh empty. She threw the cask at him, and never suffered him to taste of that she had extracted, as she said, “to have it handy.” As the old man increased in years and infirmity, she grew more cruel towards him. He had been foolish enough to make over to her all his property. During his latest hours, it is said, she fed the poor creature upon cow-heel broth. She drew the bed from under him before he was dead, and when he was a corpse, the marks of her nails were visible on his face. When he was dead she locked up the body, and setting out for St. Lawrence, secured the property there, and on her return ordered the bell to toll for him.

‘When the coffin was brought, she would not let the undertaker’s men put it in, but said she would do it herself. They, in consequence, managed to peep into it afterwards, and found the body there, but naked, she having abstracted the shroud to make herself an under garment.’

‘The will of this dupe of Elizabeth Bolaine was singular. He had ever treated her with consideration, and her return towards him has been seen. He left his property in trust to this vile woman in favour of her niece, Anne Bolaine, cutting off his own son with a shilling. This will, the contrivance of Elizabeth Bolaine, involved her sister-in-law in many difficulties. Mr. B—x had once been a bankrupt, but his creditors had refused to sign his certificate, so that at his decease claims were made upon his property, when Elizabeth swore she had no legal title to his name. She had forgotten that she had before sworn she was his wife, on imprisoning his son for abusive conduct towards her. She also cheated him of property, soon after which he died.

‘She had the imprudence to receive 300*l.* at the India House as widow of Mr. B—x, and fearing the consequences, sold her property, 8,000*l.*, out of the funds, concealed the money about her person, and left London in a Gravesend boat.

‘She then made over her property to her niece, and the creditors gave over the pursuit. Her niece restored her the money. This niece going with her mother to visit Lady Denbigh, once left their house shut up. Miss Bolaine being obliged to quit her own house, took possession of it, let it out in lodgings, paid no rent or taxes, and held possession of it two years and a half. After that she occupied a small miserable habitation which she had not the heart to repair. She caught the rain in dishes in her bed-room, and that served her to drink, for she never required it for any other purpose.

‘She was never known during forty years to purchase an article of apparel but once, when being presented with a new gown by a tradesman of Canterbury, she told him she should buy one in gratitude, which she took away, but for which she never paid.

‘Miss Bolaine had a friend in whose company she was when she stole several pounds of mutton, and being told of it, she threatened to kick her, and said, if ever she spoke of it, that she would cross her friend’s name out of her will.’

She died in her eighty-third year, and left—‘twenty thousand pounds behind her, which, in place of bequeathing to relatives or friends, she left to a prebend of Canterbury, with whom, when she made her will, she had only been acquainted a few weeks. Some small legacies were bequeathed besides; namely, a hundred pounds to the Kent and Canterbury Hospitals, five guineas to Mr. H— of Canterbury, five to Mrs. N— of London, five to a relative at Dover, and about a dozen one guinea legacies to persons who had fed and

served her, some for ten, others for twenty, thirty, and forty years.

‘Her funeral was a scene of the greatest uproar, the populace being with difficulty restrained from indignant outrage. The church doors were forced, and during the funeral ceremony the spectators insulted her memory with jeers, denunciations, and execrations.’

THE STORY OF ELIZABETH.*

‘THE Story of Elizabeth’ is, *par excellence*, a story of the heart. The author abandons the well-beaten track of popular novelists, casts aside the acknowledged elements of dramatic writing—as dramatic writing is understood nowadays—and gives us a true and well-developed history of a quiet life. Quiet, be it said, to the unob-servant world; quiet in the eyes of those hurrying thousands who know little of the heartburnings of their neighbours and care for them still less. Elizabeth, a sunny bright creature, with great soft eyes and pretty yellow hair, charms you at once. And yet at once also you see that she is made for sorrow; that the sad thorny path will have to be trodden; that the goal is only to be reached by long wanderings through narrow, stony ways where the panting heart will almost burst, and death itself would appear a deliverance. The character of Elizabeth is admirably drawn. Child-like, innocent, perfectly unconscious of the ways and the sins of the world, she has yet spirit enough to preserve herself against the strange machinations of her mother, who is in reality jealous of her youth, her beauty, her charming *naïveté*, and who is driven almost to madness by the discovery that the hero prefers her daughter to herself. This mother is like her daughter, only she has black hair and black eyes, and where her daughter is wayward and yielding, she is wayward and determined. They did not care much for each other. They had not lived together all their lives, or learned as a matter of course to love one another. They were too much alike, too much of an age. Elizabeth was eighteen; Mrs. Gilmour thirty-six. If Elizabeth looked twenty, the mother looked thirty. She had been used all her life to be petted, to be made much of, to be first; and here was a little girl who had sprung up somehow, and learned of herself to be charming—more charming than she had ever been in her best days; and now that these best days were buried with the other bright relics of the past, the elder woman had a dull, unconscious discontent at heart. People who had admired her but a year or two ago, seemed to neglect her now and pass her by in order to pay a certain homage to her daughter’s youth and brilliance.—John Dampier, the hero, among others, whom she had known as a boy when she was a young woman. Good mothers, tender-hearted women, brighten again and grow young over their children’s happiness and success. Caroline Gilmour suddenly became old somehow when she first witnessed her daughter’s triumphs, and she felt that the wrinkles were growing under her wistful eyes, and that the colour was fading from her cheeks. So, declaring herself weary of London and London ways, she runs away to Paris with her daughter.

This trip to Paris, which resolves itself for Elizabeth into a long and weary abode, gives the author numberless opportunities for bright little sketches of Paris and Parisian manners. Here is an outdoor picture:—

‘Sir John Dampier walked downstairs, and out of the door into the Rue Royale, the street where they were lodging; then he strolled across the Place de la Concorde, and in at the gates of the Tuileries, where the soldiers were pacing, and so along the broad path, to where he heard a sound of music, and saw a glitter of people. Tum te tum, bom, bom, bom, went the military music; twittering busy little birds were chirping up in the

branches; buds were bursting; colours glimmering; tinted sunshine flooding the garden, and the music, and the people; old gentlemen were reading newspapers on the benches; children were playing at hide-and-seek behind the statues; nurses gossiping, and nodding their white caps, and dandling their white babies; and there on chairs, listening to the music, the mammas were sitting in grand bonnets and parasols, working, and gossiping too; and ladies and gentlemen went walking up and down before them. All the windows of the Tuileries were ablaze with the sun; the terraces were beginning to gleam with crocuses and spring flowers.’

Mrs. Gilmour resolving to marry out of spite, we are introduced to a French *pasteur*, M. Tourneur, a tender-hearted, narrow-minded, good-natured kind of soul, with a vast amount of popularity among a certain class, especially women, who admired and respected him. There is his son, also, a big young man, with immense hands and feet, with thick hair growing violently upon end, with no idea of good manners, but with a considerable degree of good-heartedness and tender regard for others. Here is a description of the dull house to which our bright-eyed heroine is transplanted upon her mother’s marriage with the *pasteur*:—

‘A low, one-storied house standing opposite a hospital, built on a hilly street, with a great white *porte-cochère* closed and barred, and then a garden wall; nine or ten windows only a foot from the ground, all blinded and shuttered in a row; a brass plate on the door, with *Stephen Tourneur* engraved thereon, and grass and chickweed growing between the stones and against the white walls of the house. Passing under the archway, you come into a grass-grown courtyard; through an iron grating you see a little desolate garden with wall-flowers and stocks, and tall yellow weeds all flowering together, and fruit-trees running wild against the wall. On one side there are some empty stables, with chickens pecking in the sun. The house is built in two long low wings; it has a dreary moated-grange sort of look; and see, standing at one of the upper windows, is not that Elizabeth looking out? An old woman in a blue gown and a white coif is pumping water at the pump, some miserable canaries are piping shrilly out of green cages, the old woman clacks away with her sabots echoing over the stones, the canaries cease their piping, and then nobody else comes. There are two or three tall poplar-trees growing along the wall, which shiver plaintively; a few clouds drift by, and a very distant faint sound of military music comes borne on the wind.’

Here Elizabeth has to pass away her long weary hours in the society of the *pasteur*, his rough son, his disagreeably-religious sister, and four young Protestant boarders. All her triumph is gone—all her grandeur—all the brilliant dresses and the admiration of those who loved her and those who envied her. At the window of a bare little chamber, with one white curtain she had nailed up herself, and a straight bed and a chair, she spent many a weary hour thinking over the bright past—thinking of him who has been torn from her by her mother’s jealousy and the fatal influences of circumstances—wondering whether those golden days of yore would ever come back—whether she would once more emerge from the darkness into the sunlight which might be beyond the terrible present. Meanwhile Mrs. Gilmour (now Madame Tourneur) was in her element—so changed that even her daughter scarcely knew her. The secret of it all was a love of power and admiration, purchased no matter at what sacrifice, which had always been the hidden motive of her life. Now she found that by dressing in black, by looking prim, by attending endless charitable meetings, prayer meetings, religious meetings, by influencing M. Tourneur, who was himself a man in authority, she could eat of the food her soul longed for. There was ‘a man once who did not care for me; he despised me,’ she used to think sometimes;

* The Story of Elizabeth (‘Cornhill Magazine,’ vol. vi.). London: Smith, Elder & Co., 65 Cornhill.

'he liked that silly child of mine better: he shall hear of me one day.'

And thus she proceeds, outwardly the pattern of Christian charity, while all the while she is crushing her own child—keeping her from her lover until he believes she loves him not, and forms other ties—pursuing her in fact, quietly yet persistently, into the very valley of the shadow of death. Then others step in to save where she could have done nothing but destroy. Elizabeth is drawn from the fatal circle of her mother's influence; the weary path is weary still, lonely, desolate as before; yet she has those around her who revive old recollections—who are in themselves relics of yesterday which brighten her to-day, and prepare her and make her stronger for the trials of to-morrow. But the trials of to-morrow do not come—the mists are dispelled, the sunlight breaks through them, stronger, brighter, lovelier than ever, and the heroine of this 'simple story,' chastened by her long trial, becomes a happier woman than in her youngest and wildest days she had ever been. And Madame Tournour? She lives on, a haggard weary woman, lost to the brightness of the world because she herself had created so much bitterness and darkness.

The story—of which we have scarcely given an outline—is replete with delicate touches of nature, with strong and earnest thought and poetical imaginings. Without one single attempt at sensational writing, the author succeeds in leading her readers on from chapter to chapter, never lessening the interest of her story for a moment; never for an instant losing sight of the identity of her characters; never failing in each successive page to deepen the intensity of that earnest belief which the reader is forced to concede to her impersonations. 'The Story of Elizabeth' is an admirable novel in fact—teaching us how, while we rail and complain against fate, days and hours go on their course, teaching us, warning us, altering us, in spite of ourselves.

NOBLY FALSE.*

'NOBLY FALSE' is a tale in which the struggles of a noble-minded, generous, mistaken zealot are powerfully described, with a freedom of detail but seldom met with in this moral and respectable age. Gerald Lindor, the hero, is another Percy B. Shelley. He is opposed to the weaknesses and prejudices of the world from the age of seven, when he severely chides his cousin, to whom he is betrothed, for wantonly killing a caterpillar. We next find him at sixteen upbraiding his father (a baronet) for not receiving the poorer classes as his equals, in the following precocious language:—'My father professes to be a Christian, yet he would not ask a poor man to sit down to table with him. He considers poverty as a crime. I profess nothing, yet I see through and despise this wretched pride. I am sick of all this cant about heraldry, and aristocracy, and pedigree, and blood; all these puerile inventions to enable man to oppress his brother.' After this, it need not be a matter of surprise that Gerald falls in love with the daughter of a ferryman, and expects his father to receive her into his house as his equal. The baronet not only objects to this course, but endeavours, as much as possible, to prevent Gerald and his sweetheart from meeting. To accomplish this, he causes the ferryboat to be removed, whereupon his son (like another Leander) swims across the river (in his trousers of course) to his mistress. To give additional effect to this scene, he is nearly drowned from exhaustion, and Miriam rescues him just as he is about to sink for the last time.

We next meet Gerald at Oxford, where he remains but a short time, for he is of course expelled for publishing free thoughts on the subject of religion. He is now an outcast from his father's house, and becomes the leader of a Chartist riot. For this offence he escapes punishment through his father's influence. His mother then

dies, and makes him take a vow (on her death-bed) that he will not marry until he is twenty-five years of age. The mother's object in extorting this promise is inscrutable, except to serve the author's purpose, that Gerald, through its influence, may be deterred from marrying Miriam, and thus be provided with an excuse for seducing her. This painful consequence soon ensues. He is walking through the Haymarket with a friend, when a woman runs out of an infamous house, and urges him to assist in saving the life of a lady who is on the point of committing suicide. He enters the house, and to his astonishment the lady (whose suicide seems to have been conveniently prolonged) turns out to be his old flame, Miriam Grove. She had been enticed into the disreputable house by a designing woman; and, rather than lose her virtue, had determined to sacrifice her life. Gerald rescues her virtue, but, we are pained to add, soon after takes it on his own account. The pair live happily together for some time, Gerald supporting himself by writing poetry. Marriage is impossible, because of the inconvenient vow. Miriam, however, like another Traviata, discovers that her affection for Gerald is an impediment to his advancement in life; and, resolving at once to sacrifice herself at the altar of love, disappears with another man one day in order that Gerald may hate her, and afterwards swallows poison that he may for ever lose her. While Miriam is thus destroying her memory and her life, Gerald is shut up in his house as a lunatic. He escapes just in time to see his devoted Traviata on her deathbed, and to receive her explanation of her extraordinary conduct. A painful scene ensues. Miriam dies happy in the belief that she has done her duty, and Gerald vows revenge on his relations who have driven her to the awful sacrifice. He takes curious steps to gratify this passion. On the anniversary of Miriam's death, he is married to the cousin to whom he was originally betrothed. On the marriage night the lady is conducted home, and Gerald suddenly disappears. She looks round her room, and finds on a table Gerald's 'last will and testament,' and hanging before her a full-length portrait of the hated Miriam. She instantly orders the portrait to be removed, and, alarmed at these studied insults, hastens in search of her husband. After much search she finds him half dead, cursing the portrait she had discarded. He rouses himself, and in a wild speech accuses his wife of being one of the murderers of Miriam, a woman whose equal the world had never seen; tells her that he had determined to die on the anniversary of Miriam's death, and, after much more savage invective, shoots himself, having already taken an ineffectual dose of poison. Thus ends the hero's 'nobly false' life. His second wife goes mad within three years after his death.

After reading this tragical history, we may perhaps be permitted to ask the author a few simple questions:

1. Why did Gerald's mother insist on his marrying at twenty-five years of age?
2. Why did Gerald seduce Miriam?
3. Why did Miriam destroy her reputation by going under the protection of a gentleman the very evening she committed suicide?
4. Why did Gerald delay a whole year (after his vow) in taking his life?
5. Why did he commit this act on the anniversary of Miriam's death?
6. Why did he marry, and on that day?
7. Why did he both poison and shoot himself?
8. Why did his wife go mad?

The author will, of course, have excellent answers to these questions, and consider us simple in putting them. We suggest them, however, on behalf of the unhappy characters. When we meet with a book in which a heavy stone seems to be placed in everybody's path, we are inclined to plead in favour of the *dramatis personæ*, and beg that on another occasion such inconvenient obstructions may be removed, and that the poor puppets may have some chance of passing a happy life.

A GLIMPSE OF THE WORLD.*

IT is pleasant to retreat from the noise and glare of the new school of novels, to the calm and shade of an old-fashioned tale—that is to say, of a tale told in the style of five years ago; for fiction, like everything else, soon gets out of date in these sensation times. A new work by the author of 'Amy Herbert' guarantees a change of the kind; for Miss Sewell is untouched by the prevalent literary disease, and the strong constitution evinced by her past writings is every security that she will remain so.

'A Glimpse of the World' is as quiet in its tone as any of the writer's previous performances. Indeed, the 'glimpse' is not gained until we are nearly half way through the book, and before that period, the range of life to which we are introduced is confined to a country village. Here, however, we are afforded an opportunity of becoming interested in the persons of the drama before the drama may be said to begin. These persons consist, mainly, of a couple of families, the heads of which are a retired colonel named Verney and a barrister of note named Cameron. The characters of these gentlemen present nothing very unexpected. The colonel has good instincts, but is proud, and warm-tempered. The barrister has good instincts also, is proud, but cold-tempered. They are opposed in politics, the colonel being a whig and the barrister a tory. In the disputes which frequently take place between them, the soldier cannot always command his tongue; but the lawyer never fails in his worldly wisdom, and the principle which rules his own conduct is expressed in the advice he gave his sons, to quarrel as much as they please, but to quarrel like gentlemen. Mrs. Verney is a favourable specimen of a woman of the world; Mrs. Cameron is more simple, and is just a little oppressed. Their families present equally distinct varieties; but of the members of these it is necessary to refer only to three. Mr. Verney is a nephew of the colonel's, in the Indian civil service, and his return home and visit to his uncle's house sets to work the action of the tale. Mr. Verney is about forty years of age, a bachelor, possessed of rare talents and graces, culture and accomplishments, all ripened and refined by mature manhood and intercourse with the world. He charms everybody in the little rustic circle, as a matter of course, but more particularly two of the daughters of Mr. Cameron. Of these, the first—by a former wife—is Rosamond, the beauty of the family, but sadly cold at heart, though clever and inclined to be brilliant. The second is Myra, the pleasantest and perhaps the most original character in the book. She is a mere child, and has more than a child's waywardness. Her temper is as uncertain as her toilette, which she can never regulate except under compulsion. She has an alarmingly strong will besides; but, on the other hand, she has the kindest heart and the highest principles, and a love of truth and knowledge beyond her years. Her admiration of Mr. Verney is of a more intellectual kind than that of her sister, who is merely dazzled by the position which he assumes, and the legends of splendour attaching to him; while Mr. Verney, though evidently taking a strong interest in Myra, attaches himself to Rosamond on account of her being the heiress of a dying relative, possessing two thousand a year. The intercourse between the families is continued in town, where they remove to give the younger members an idea of a London season; and again in Germany, where Mr. Verney is found travelling in the autumn, and where he and Rosamond enter into a clandestine engagement. The secret between them being suspected by the watchful Myra, she is taken into their confidence, but can with difficulty be reconciled to a mystery in the matter, still less to lending herself towards it. Ultimately she is persuaded to

* Nobly False. A Novel, in two volumes. By James McGrigor Allan. London: T. C. Newby.

* A Glimpse of the World. By the Author of 'Amy Herbert,' &c. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

forego her scruples; but in the meantime there have been some appearances unfavourable to her sister's choice, and these are confirmed by an unmistakable discovery. In the course of the tour, Myra meets with a young girl whom she finds to have been betrothed years ago to Mr. Verney, who was engaged with her brother in gambling and other speculations, which have ruined them both. The anxiety and trouble that poor Charlotte Stuart experienced have broken down her health, and the tour which she is making with an aunt is the last attempt to save her life. Myra, who now learns for the first time the double deception of Mr. Verney, and his real motive for engaging himself to Rosamond, seeks to bring him back to his duty. He struggles with himself, but eventually agrees to reveal all to Mr. Cameron, who has in the meantime given his consent to the match. But he has not the courage to come to the point, and Myra, entangled already with his confidence, is prevented by a not unnatural sentiment from betraying it now. The wedding morning arrives; but by this time Mr. Verney's cowardice has taken him far away—a note coming for Myra at the last moment asking her to explain why he cannot perform his engagement. Verney is not a thoroughly bad man, and having lost all hope of retrieving his fortunes, he falls back upon keeping his engagement with Charlotte, whom he marries but is too late to save. She dies four days after the wedding. After this Verney loses all self-respect, falls into abandoned courses, and is only heard of occasionally in the world by people who shake their heads when they speak of him. Rosamond consoles herself; makes a brilliant match; but gets tired of fashionable life and everything besides; while Myra is united to one whom she really loves, and finds happiness and solid content. These latter events, however, are told in a few paragraphs, and the husbands of Rosamond and Myra are unknown to the reader. The interest of the book may, therefore, be said to conclude with the breaking off of the marriage with Verney; for so little has been seen of Charlotte Stewart, that only a passing sentiment can be excited in her behalf. The want of symmetry here shown is indeed the fault of the story, and destroys much of its effect; and but for the sketches of character, which one would be sorry to miss, the first half of the volume might almost have been dispensed with. But Mrs. Patty and Miss Medley are both charming portraits, and the sketch of the good rector, Dr. Kingsbury, is so much like what a Christian pastor should be, that we hope it is taken from life.

On the whole, the admirers of Miss Sewell's writings will have no reason to be disappointed with her latest performance, though we must certainly describe it, in comparison with the most popular style of fiction, as a non-sensational novel.

GOSSIP.

MESSRS. SAUNDERS, OTLEY, & Co. will shortly publish a highly interesting work upon that *terra incognita* to Englishmen, Central Asia. It is entirely compiled and translated from Russian sources by Messrs. John and Robert Mitchell, and will contain some information as to the geography of those mysterious regions, the manners and customs of the inhabitants, as well as the political intrigues of Russia. It will also embrace the travels of Captain Valikhanow, a Russian officer, who, in the disguise of a Kokan merchant, penetrated to Kashgar, and is the first European, since Marco Polo, who has succeeded in doing so, and in returning to tell the tale.

It was announced on Tuesday, in the Court of Arches, that all technical difficulties being disposed of, the cases of the Rev. H. B. Wilson, author of the article, 'National Church,' in the 'Essays and Reviews,' and of the Rev. Dr. Rowland Williams, author of the article, 'Bunsen's Biblical Researches,' will be taken on appeal before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council soon after Easter term.

Mr. W. Johnstoun Neale, who is well known as a naval novelist during the last thirty years, has, we understand, a volume of travels in Holland and Prussia in the press. The object of his journey was to identify a sketch-book of Paul Potter's, who, like one of our own R. A's, is well known by the prefix of Cow. Mr. Neale has fully succeeded in his object, and thus 124 sketches of the celebrated painter are added to the treasures of art which the world already possesses from his hand.

The first of the second series of four ascents, for scientific purposes, in Mr. Glaisher's balloon, for which the British Association voted 200*l.* at their Cambridge meeting, took place on Tuesday last. The highest elevation gained was four miles and a half.

Mr. Disraeli has just been unanimously elected by the trustees of the British Museum as one of their number, in the place of the late Marquis of Lansdowne.

At the late sale by auction in Paris of rare books, belonging to M. Double, jun., the Emperor purchased a fine copy of 'Voltaire,' enriched by 108 designs by Moreau, for nine thousand francs.

M. Mariette, who has been carrying on some interesting researches in ancient Egypt, has found, among other curiosities, a pastor-king, analogous to the kings of Tanis, and a colossal head of Jupiter, wholly uninjured, and traceable to the time of the Ptolemies.

Herr Dingelstedt has at length completed his self-imposed task of adapting the plays of Shakespeare to the German stage. The series, commencing with 'Richard the Second,' will be performed at Weimar next year, in honour of the 300th anniversary of Shakespeare's birth.

M. Barbier is now in London, busily occupied in the formation of a society to promote his scheme of International Colleges. He proposes to establish four colleges on a uniform system, situated respectively in England, Italy, Germany, and France. The education of the students will occupy eight years, two of which will be spent at each institution.

Mr. J. O. Halliwell has been for some time engaged in forming a Shakespearian Museum at Stratford-on-Avon; and dreams wildly of coaxing out of the pockets of the English people, enough money to purchase 'every foot of the land owned by the poet, which can even after this lapse of time be identified.'

Under the intelligent direction of Professor Fiorelli, new treasures are being daily brought to light at Pompeii. The last discovery, deemed worthy of especial value to the government of Turin, is that of a lump of pure gold, weighing 33½ ounces. We shall doubtless soon have fuller particulars.

The National Portrait Gallery, Great George Street, Westminster, will be open to the public on Easter Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.

Messrs. Routledge & Co. are about to issue a new work, by Colonel Estvan, entitled 'War Pictures.' The author has been recently officially employed in the Confederate army, and the information he has thus been enabled to obtain is anticipated with much interest.

The Royal Academy have set a worthy example in limiting the number of works to be exhibited by each academicien to four instead of eight as heretofore. All artists, not being academiciens, are allowed to exhibit two works only.

The Bridgewater Gallery is now open for the season. Tickets are to be obtained as usual from Mr. Smith of Bond Street.

The next novelty produced by Mr. Boucicault is a drama entitled 'Fanchette.' The great scenic effect is the representation of the descent of an avalanche.

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Bates' (H. W.) The Naturalist on the River Amazon, 2 vols. crown 8vo. cloth, 28s.

Baynes' (Rev. R. H.) Canterbury Hymnal, 24mo. cloth, red edges, 1s. 6d.
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Cassell's Popular Natural History, complete, 2 vols. 4to. cloth, 30s.
Day's (C. F. S.) Common Law Procedure Acts, 2nd edition, royal 12mo. cloth, 16s.
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Kühner's (Dr. R.) Elementary Greek Grammar, translated by S. H. Taylor, 20th edit. crown 8vo. hf. bound, 6s.
Lectures Delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, 1862-3, crown 8vo. cloth, 4s.
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Lowres' (J.) Grammar of English Grammars, fcp. 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.
Macmillan's Magazine, Vol. 7, 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.
Malcolm's Genealogical Tree of the Royal Family of Great Britain, 2s. 6d. folded.
Old Commodore (The); by Author of 'Rattlin the Reefer,' fcp. 8vo. sewed, 1s.
Phear's (J. B.) Elementary Hydrostatics, 3rd edition, crown 8vo. cloth, 5s. 6d.
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